The New Adventure # OX Read it here NOW-Then see Mallin Moving hetures

WRITTEN BY

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DRAMATIZED BY

Charles W. Goddard Presented In Collaboration With The Famous Pathe Players

INTRODUCING

BURR McINTOSH :..... MAX FIGMAN ...

.......J. Rufus Wallingford

MAX FIGMAN Blackie Daw
LOLITA ROBERTSON Violet

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Selling a Circus.

TH the first blare of the distant music. Blackie Daw leaned eagerly forward in his chair and rested his arms on the rail of the Booly House porch, looking up and down the main street of burrville with the sparking eyes of youth never ending. "Boom-de-ra-a-a-h-dah! Boom-de-ra-a-a-h-dah! Boom-de-ra-a-a-h-dah!" he sang in unison with the strident trombones, beating time with both feet and one hand, while Wallingford, standing against the rail, looked down on him with an indulgent smile. Across the way the expectant crowd, hitherto in way the expectant crowd, hitherto in loosely shifting array, surged solidly to the curb, while out of the stores poured excited country folk of all descriptions, and from every window popped fous or ng up and down the main street of

loosely shifting array, surged solidly to the ourb, while out of the stores poured excited country folk of all descriptions, and from every window popped four or five heads. The porch of the five heads. The porch of the five heads are street red-faced, perspiring fathers and frantic mothers darted after bewildered children; while the balloon and whistievendors held the open spaces to themselves and their discordant voices.

The band blared louder as it turned from Court House Square toward Main street. Four assorted policemen—a fat one, a skinny one, a pigeon-breasted one, and a runt—swung around the normer, and, in the pompous might of their nurple-visaged authority, beat back the populace to a pulpy human wall. A horse and buggy, both sleek and shiny, came dashing down Booly street and turned up Main toward the on-coming parade. The driver was a "sporty" farmer, whose nearness to the soil no city clothes could conceal.

"That's Li Bogger," whispered a preity wateress, bending down between Wallingford and Blackie. "His wife's dead, and he's sold his farm, and put all his money in the bank. He slways takes his diper here, when he comes to town, and I've aranged to seat him between you two men."

"Pretty good detective work for two lays, Mira Fannie," complimented Wallingford, with a smile into the sparkling brown eyes. "Have any trouble getting is a lob as waitreas?"

"With a circus coming to town?" laughed the blue-eyed girl who came to come to come you thought I had better not.

"Getting information about Mr. Bogger is so easy it's studd," went on the brown-eyed Fannie. "All the girls know him, for he's a country masher, and they hate him."

"What's his bank roll?" asked Wallingford, speculatively.

"They say everything up to two hundred thousand." whilspered Fannie, look-

time I met you," mused Wallingford, be for sale," shrewdly opined Mr. Bog- and fish coppers not of blind men's ship opined Willingford the ship opined Willingford to be," Blackie gently "Same old kidder," declared Ed. "I we careless and jovial soldiers of for- corrected, while Wallingford turned to guess nothing much is changed except

BOGGER COULD BARDLY "THIS WAY OUT" WALT TO GET THE MONEY YELLED WALLINGTORD tupe had undertaken to " back th millions which had been stolen from the Warden orphans. Violet and Fannie had been in a constant state of bewilderment over their new briends. "You were the finest shell worker, Blackie, that ever cleaned up a county fair." stall like more in the bank. It is always and like in the comment of the comment

BURR MINIOSH AS J BUTUS WALLINGTOPD

bent themselves to the soup. Having initished this, Mr. Bogger leaned forward with a sigh.

"I'd like to buy a circus," said he to Blackie.

"Can you furnish A-1 credentials." demanded Mr. Daw with a trace of severity; and now he saw that Wallingford was listening with cager thought fulness.

"Everybody around here knows Elias Bogger," returned the other with proper pride. "I've got the money, too; that is, to buy a Class C circus. My, wife died last winter, and I sold the farm. I made a little money on a railroad deal, too," and his eyes narrowed. "Forty thousand dollars!"

"I see," said Blackie, with a giance at Wallingford. "What you want is a business that is safe, makes an enormous profit, and lets you have a lot of fun all at the same time. You're a siy old dog, I can see that."

"Not so very old," quickly proteated Mr. Bogger, "I never pass for within ten years of my age at that."

"He believes everything anybody tells bim." whispered an eager voice, and Fannie, her eyes shining with excitement, darted away, leaving Blackie and Wallingford in chuckling conversation. When she came back the men had finished their coffee and were waiting for her.

"Where's Miss Violet?" asked Walling-

the arrival of the monater parade, as the arrival of the monater parade, as the property of the control of the monater parade, as the property of the property

him in angry wonder. "You see, there's that we're older. I have to boot m him in angry wonder. You see, there a that we're older. I have to boot my so much money in the business that no itons now every time I want 'em to look man is permitted to own a circus longer lierce. Say, you ought to be with this than ten years. Even if he hasn't made outhit. Coarsest grift you ever saw, enough to suit him by that time, he is everybody's in it, from the manager

down."
"Manager, eh? Ed, slip me all the info you can. Where's Barnes?"
"Old P. T.'s laid up with rheumatic sout, and so Joe Unger, he's the manager, has been buying a farm up in Connection."

will, and so Joe Unger, he's the manager, has been buying a farm up in Congecticut."

What does he look like?"

"Like a tub of pork. Far be it from the to say such, with me so affectionate toward my salary, but Unger's a fat lold fluft."

"Thanks Ed." Blackle threw sway in the seignrette. "I'll post my pai right nway, and hurry back. I want you to shill beer for a fancy grift."

Wise me. husked Ed. with pleasure: "Wise me." husked Ed. with pleasure: "Wise me." husked Ed. with pleasure: shill beer for a fancy grift. "Wise me." husked Ed. with pleasure: shill be a fancy grift. Blackle hurried away to the cane rack where he had planted J. Ruffus, but just as he neared his partner, and before he could speak. Wallingford was astemished to see Blackle look back over his shoulder and start away on a gallop. Elias Bogger was the explanation. He was taiking to Texas Ed, and the watchful Fannie was not four people away from him.

"That was my fall-guy." explained

from him.

"That was my fail-guy," explained Blackle, arriving breathless just after Bogger had departed. What was his line of con?"

"He's the richest mark that ever asked the price of lemons," laughed big Ed, gazing in wonder after the departing Hogger. "He pointed out that fat par-ty over there, and wanted to know if he was Barnes."

"Of course you wised him up," wor-ried Blackle.

ried Blackie.

"Did I not, I did not." replied Ed with infinite scorn. "I told him it was Barnes, and that he'd had himself dyed a brunette to keep from looking like his own lithographs, so people wouldn't keep trying to buy him out."

Blackie grinned in sheer delight at his luck.

bent eagerly forward. One of them, with a black patch over his eye, edged up quite closely, and motioned the one next him, who had a thrice-broken nose, to give him room for his right elbow. It was a ticklish moment, in which Wallingford was conscious that the "bouncer" with three front teeth gone was riming with hideous anticipation. In this emergency his course was prompt and decisive.

"You're fired," he roared with a flare of anger, shaking his big forefinger in the ticket-taker's face. "Get off the lot."

lot:"
There was a second's pause, in which
the six bouncers looked at each other
dublously, and the one with the cauliflower car turned, with a troubled eye,
to the equally troubled berfy man.
"I'm doin' what I'm paid for," growled
the ticket-taker sulkily. "I got to have
your ticket."

the ticket-taker sulkily. "I got to have your ticket."
"Didn't I tell you to get off the lot."
Wallingfor believed, his face actually purpling with the effect of his "oluff."
"And if somebody don't hunt up Joe Unger for me within about thirty accounds. I'll fire the whole lot of you. Where is he"."
The bouncer with the split nose pointed out the beefy man, just as that gentleman came forward, his guilt aiready gripping him.

gripping him.
, "I'm Joe Unger," he barked gruffly, though much troubled. "What do you

though much troubled. "What do you want?"

Walingford stepped over to join him, letting the stream of gaping country folk flow on again, but did not answer his ouestion. Instead, he turned to the eye-patched thug.

"Here, Bill, or whatever your name is," he ordered in the voice of authority. "you take tickets till I put a new man on the box. Now I'nge, how was yeaterday's business?"

"Who wants to know demanded Mr. Unger, endeavoring to assert his customary carehip, but feeting it slipping from him." I do," snapped Wallingford.

"And who are you" inquired Unger, angry that his voice was losing its strength. The blue blotch on his lower lib turned purple, and Wallingford saw it.

"Sears" snapped Wallingford.

"Sears!" snapped Wallingford. Unger repeated the name feebly, but

Inser repeated the name feebly, but had not the "nerve" to ask who Sears might be.
"If the fact that I'm Sears isn't enough for you, I'll have a Johnny-tinplate tell you more," declared J. Rufus, watching narrowly, and being well pleased with the effect of this threat of a local officer of the law. "Now look here, I'nger, the governor want to know why the business is so rotten, and I'm here to find out. What was your take-in yesterday?"

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boob Hogger. Wait, and I'll bring him to you."
"Bend Unger to me first," ordered J. Rufus, after a moment of thought.
When Blackle returned with the anxious Bogger. Wallingford was raking Unger over the coals at a great rate, and the unlucky manager was perspiring like a camp meeting exhorter. "Beg your pardon, sir," said Blackle, touching Wallingford on the arm; "but my friend, Mr. Bogger, wants to ask you a question or two, Mr. Barnes."
"I'm not Barnes, declared Wallingford, gruffly. I'm his personal representative and business executive. My name's Sears.

grufny. I'm his personal representative and business executive. My name's Sears.

"Unger, I never saw such a dirty lot of uniforms. Look at that elephant man. It's a disgrace. I want these uniforms cleaned at once!"

"Yes, str," said Unger.

"And those cages. Freshen them up right away. If I have to sell this circus for Mr. Barnes. I want it in decent shape. What are today's profits.

"Over a thousand dollars," said Unger, brightening.

"A thousand! Wallingford's face was purple with fury. "Unger, I'm going to investigate this thing. If you know what's good for you, you won't let me see you on this lot today."

Wallingford let the unfortunate Unger go.

"If I sin't intruding Mr. Sears, latin."

Wallingford let the unfortunate Unger go.

"If I ain't intruding, Mr. Sears, let's talk business as man to man. I know the truth about your fix. You have to take \$50,000 for this show today. I'm here with the money."

Wallingford glanced incrediously at Blackie, but put out his hand deprecatingly.

"I promise to sell it to a friend."

"Oh!" Mr. Hogger guiped. He was only stopped for a moment, however.

"I'll give you fifty-five!"

No."

"Stevent and the unfortunate Unger go.

It Was War to the Finish

If you find dandruff on your coat-collar it's simply Nature's danger signal of coming baldness. Soon it

"No."
"Sixty:"
Wallingford hesitated.
"Make it sixty-five, spot cash, and we'll go right up to a lawyer's and draw up a bill of sale."
Elias studied a long time. "Well," he concluded, "I'm satisfied about the money part. I've asked six or seven men around the grounds here, and though they don't all say the same thing, they've convinced me that there's a fortune in it every day."
Both Wallingford and Blackie carefully refrained from smilling. It re-

the plant, in an hour. And, by the way, if the expenses are too high and the receipts too low there'll be no saie, and then' I'm likely to make somebody trouble."

"Believe me." promised Unger fervently, "today's pusiness will show a grand little profit:
"Bee that it does," warned Wallingford, "Toll the troasurer what I want and then hurry back to me in the animal tent," and, leaving Unger to alterimal tent," and, leaving Unger to alterimal tent, and, leaving the state of the menagerie in search of Elackle to the menagerie in search of Elackle to the menagerie in cage, of the state and to touch him to arouse limits the times had to touch him to arouse the king of beasts quall before the power of the human eve. I think it's a joke," announced Blackle, "I've been here for ten minutes trying to make the king of beasts quall before the power of the human eve. I think it's and the wilds of Bridgeport, Conn., in the cages of which he and most of his ancestors were born. "Bogger" state Blackle placidly, "sanchored in state I section A, counting the house, and estimated him, bridger of the most mother-like dames in the circus, being all dolled up like the flon-tamer's bride.

"Busy," grinned Blackle. "She is in tharge of the most mother-like dames in the circus, being all dolled up like the flon-tamer's bride.

"The which!" gasped Wallingford is an annotated to the fame, you have not to the fame, you here doing description of chorus ladies, screaming for venegacie, it took all of Wallingford's profits; the house of the fame, but the solid meat of a frame-up, but when it comes to the fame, you here doing description of chorus ladies, screaming for venegacie, it took all of Wallingford's profits; the form the broke of the spectacle of the tent should be an annotated to the fame, and they surrounded Mr. How you have the house of the spectacle of the spectacle of the spectacle of the spectacle of the spectacle

the lion-tamer's bride.

"The which!" gasped Wallingford in astonishment.

"A rich play, Jimmy," and Blackie it wirled his pointed mustaches in gratification. "You may be all right for the solid meat of a frame-up, but when it comes to the fancy touches leave it to your Uncle Horace."

"What have you been doing" delie was semetimes afraid of Blackie's wildly whimsical schemes, in spite of the fact that they were always successful.

"Doing?" Blackie pushed up both sides of his mustache. "Framing the whole circus. Texas Ed Unger is in on the state of the play. All you have to do is took boob Bogger. Walt, and I'll bring him ye. When Blackie returned with the anxious Bogger, Wallingford was raking and the unlucky manager was person.

"Gend Unger to me first," ordered J. Weer mind, we'll protect you." "Never mind, we'll protect you." "Never mind, we'll protect you." "I won't leave you a minue" earns we'll decide the unlucky manager was person.

"To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

coming baldness. Soon it will be too late, and "the bald spot that won't come off" will make its appearance.

Avoid the use of cocoanut oil or preparations containing alkalis. Soaps and other alkalis foam, so be on your guard as they tend to dry the scalp. Go to O'Donnell's Drug Store, 904 F street and ask for a 50c bottle of Speiser's Scalp Tonic. Use it according to directions and in a reasonable time dandruff. falling hair and scalp irritation will disappear and the natural growth of the hair will be promoted. Mr. O'Donnell is so confident of the merits of this preparation that he offers to return your money if it fails.—Advt.

